

my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n *Audrey*.

And. God ye good eu'n *William*.

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prettice bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, sir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I fir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good answer:

Art rich?

Will. Faith fir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so:

Art thou wise?

Will. I fir, I haue a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do fir.

Clo. Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No fir.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he fir?

Clo. He fir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the societie of this female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in payson with thee, or in bastinado, or in Steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with police: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

And. Do good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry fir.

Exit

Enter *Corin*.

Cor. Our Master and Mistress seekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audrey*, trip *Audrey*, I attend,

I attend. Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Orlando* & *Oliver*.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her?

And louing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you perseuer to enioy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wooing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue *Aliena*: say with her, that she loues mee; consent with both, that we may enioy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennue, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter *Rosalind*.

Orl. You haue my consent.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:

Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,

Heere comes my *Rosalinde*.

Ros. God saue you brother.

Orl. And you faire sister.

Ros. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greues me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ros. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the sight of two Rammes, and *Cesars* Thraonickall bragge of I came, saw, and overcome. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these degrees, haue they made a paire of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happinesse through another mans eyes: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heauinesse, by how much I shal thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for *Rosalind*?

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceits: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are contented do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleeve from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I haue, since I was three yeare old, conuers't with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde* so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her, I know it: to what straights of Fortune she is druen, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you,

to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speake'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.

Enter *Siluius* & *Phoebe*.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a loue of hers.

Phoe. Yorth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse,

To shew the letter that I wrot to you.

Ros. I care not if I haue: it is my studie

To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you:

you are there followed by a faithful shepheard,

Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.

Phoe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares,

And so am I for *Phoebe*.

Phoe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and seruice,

And so am I for *Phoebe*.

Phoe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes,

All adoration, durie, and obseruance,

All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,

All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:

And so am I for *Phoebe*.

Phoe. And so am I for *Ganymed*.

Orl. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phoe. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Ros. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee to loue you.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heere.

Ros. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if euer I satisfie'd man, and you shall bee married to morrow. I wil content you, if what pleases you contents you; and you shal be married to morrow: As you loue *Rosalind* meet, as you loue *Phoebe* meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue.

Phoe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Clowne* and *Audrey*.

Cl. To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morrow will we be married.

And. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y world?

Heere come two of the banish

Enter two Pa

1. Pa. Wel met honest Gen

Clo. By my troth well met

2. Pa. We are for you, sit i

1. Pa. Shal we clap into't r

or spitting, or saying we are h

prologues to a bad voice.

2. Pa. I faith, y'faith, and

giphies on a horse.

Son

It was a Louer, and

With a hey, and a

That o're the Greene

In the spring time

When Birds do sing,

Sweet Louers loue th

And therefore take

With a hey, & a ho,

For loue is crown'd w

In spring time, &

Betweene the acres of

With a hey, and a ho,

The prettie Country

In spring time, &

This Carrol they beg

With a hey, and a ho,

How that a life was

In spring time, &

Clo. Truly yong Gentlem

great matter in the dittie, yet

1. Pa. you are decei'd Sir,

our time.

Clo. By my troth yes: I cou

such a foolish song. God buy

voices. Come *Audrey*.

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Duke Senior*, *Amey*

do, *Oliver*, & *Corin*.

Du. Sen. Dost thou beleeue

Can do all this that he hath pr

Orl. I sometimes do belee

As those that feare they hope,

Enter *Rosalinde*, *Siluius*

Ros. Patience once more, w

You say, if I bring in your *Ros*

You wil bestow her on *Orlando*

Du. Se. That would I, had I k

Ros. And you say you wil ha

Orl. That would I, were I

Ros. You say, you'll marrie

Phoe. That will I, should I d

Ros. But if you do refuse to

You'l giue your selfe to this mo

Phoe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say that you'll haue

Sil. Thought to haue her an

thing.